

Sequachee Valley News.

VOL. XXVI.

SEQUACHEE, TENN., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1918

NO 20

The Color Sergeant

It was toward the end of the long, hot, dusty hike and the Negro doughboys were tired and foot-weary. Since half-past seven o'clock that morning they had been marching along hard, white stone roads, their feet kicking up dust clouds as thick and white as fog.

Ahead, and in the valley slightly below them, they could see the tall church spire and the buildings of the little city that marked the end of their day's march. They would be billeted there for the night and then, early in the morning, they would continue marching toward the front.

"Jes' guess I'll give these heah folks a look at 'a Stars an' Stripes," Color Sergeant J. Henry Dawson announced, mostly to himself. "I reckon as how may-be there Frenchies, ain't neveh seen dis heah flag o' mine."

So J. Henry, without losing step, slipped off the waterproof cover from the standard and and shook out the flag before the slight breeze. Then he raised the butt of the staff and sank it in the leather socket of his belt.

Behind in the straggling line some rich voice swung into "Roll, Jordan, Roll." In half a minute the song had gone up and down the tired column, swaying and swinging like a great, magic echo with the marching men. It is the wonder song for black soldiers—deep, colorful, religious, simple. I remembered, as if it had been but yesterday, another regiment of colored troopers singing it at dusk as they marched by, and it had thrilled me as some great mystic, beautiful thing that was half of God and half of man. That had been six months earlier, in safe America; this was in France, and every roll of the song carried these men nearer to the unknown dangers of war and battle.

There was a pause in the singing and then, from away over head, came the distant hum of an airplane. For the minute it broke the spell of the music, and colored troopers slowed their pace while their eyes tried to pick out the tiny moving speck in the sky.

Like some swift bird it pointed toward the column. A white officer took out his glasses and focussed them on the plane; the uneven bum-m-m-bum-m-m-m of the motor had warned him that it might be a Boche machine. For half a minute he followed it; then he saw the German military cross painted on its tail. And now it seems certain that it would sweep over the marching men.

For months the army had been full of strange yarns of battle planes that had sailed low over troops and mowed them down with close range machine gun fire. The officer watching the machine, thought of these stories. His column, choking the narrow road, would make an easy target. "Everyman fall out, scatter and seek any cover!" he ordered.

Like frightened rabbits the colored soldiers obeyed, scurrying from the road to a waving wheat field, their drab uniforms merging in color with the ripened grain. In half a minute the road was empty except for a single soldier. He was carrying an unfurled American flag and he was stalking straight ahead.

"Drop that flag and get under cover!" the officer shouted.

But J. Henry kept on. "I ain't goin' a run away with this heah flag of mine from no Germans, cap'n," he said, half to himself.

"I wanta show 'em birds what a real flag am. Look a', you baby killers! Look a' these heah Stars and Stripes!"

For a second it seemed that the heavy plane, now less than a thousand feet directly above the road, poised as if to dart down. Then apparently changing its mind, turned and flew swiftly toward home.

Two minutes later the men were called back to their marching. They were silent and awed; here was a new miracle they had just witnessed that they could add to their faith in their flag. And it was something definite and tangible that they had seen with their own eyes.

Far ahead, J. Henry was still commenting to himself on his beloved standard. He, most of all, knew its magic power.

For half a mile the tired column trudged silently, steadfastly on. Then the same mellow baritone swung again into the familiar, "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and soon two hundred weary, foot-sore troopers were singing it.—Frazier Hunt in Red Cross.

Easy to Translate.

An Irishman was sitting in an inn in County Mayo one day, while it was raining furiously outside. A nobleman's brougham drew up at the door of the hostelry. Blazoned on the panels of its doors were the arms of its owner, inscribed with the motto, "Fides regnat ubique." "Fht," asked some one of the Irishman, "how do you translate that?" "Easy enough," Pat replied. "Fides regnat ubique—Faith! It rains everywhere."

Origin of Hungarian Race.

The Hungarians, or Magyars, constitute a branch of the Finno-Ugric race, their nearest of kin being the Finns of Finland. The Hungarians have been settled in their present country of Hungary for more than 1,000 years. They came from the vast plains of western Siberia, their original home, toward the close of the eighth century.

"Diseased Meat."

There is a wide difference in the terms "diseased meat" and "meat from diseased animals." In fresh pork for instance, the absence of live trichinae cannot be guaranteed by the vendor from any known practical method of inspection, but if the meat is properly cooked any trichinae present are killed and hence cannot produce disease.

Value of Common Things.

The common things of life are things well worth while when we know what to do with them. It was a glimpse of a bird that he had never seen before, but which he might have seen a thousand times so common was it, that made a foremost nature writer out of Bradford Torrey.

Ancient Montessori Methods.

Herodotus, to overcome the extraordinary dullness of his son Atticus, educated along with him 24 little slaves of his own age. He gave each the name of the letter of the Greek alphabet. His son, in order to play with them, had to learn the alphabet to call their names.

Reassuring Thought.

One of our eminent biologists announces that one pair of rats, if left undisturbed, will multiply to 37,000,000 in two years, but the reassuring reflection is that they almost always seem to be disturbed.—Ohio State Journal.

Roman Warship.

The man-of-war of the ancient Romans had a crew of 225 men, of which 174 were oarsmen, working on three decks. The speed of this vessel was about six knots an hour in fair weather.

Wanted Walnut for Gunstocks.

Most of the oldest trees in this country were originally planted, not for the sake of the fruit, but because the wood makes the best gunstocks, being light, strong and not easily warped.

Insects Destroy Wood.

Investigations made by the bureau of entomology have proved that insects cause the destruction of more timber of a size used commercially than do forest fires.

Why We Give Thanks.

By Daisy D. Stephenson, in Youth's Companion.

For summer rose and autumn grain,
For gold of sun and silver rain,
For frosty morn and dewy eve,
For daily blessings we receive,
We thank thee, Heavenly Father.

For bubbling brook and ocean blue,
For home and friends and loved ones true
For toil and courage, hope and cheer,
For faith that crowns the passing year,
We thank thee, Heavenly Father.

DR. J. L. SEAY DIES IN BIRMINGHAM

Dr. J. L. Seay, of Whitwell, died at Birmingham Sunday of acute indigestion. He had gone there on a visit, while convalescing from a serious attack of pneumonia. His wife, formerly Miss Hazel Ashburn, reached his bedside just before he died. Interment was made at Pratt City, Ala., Tuesday.

Dr. Seay was one of the best known men of this county, always generous and open-hearted. He was physician for the T. C. I. & R. R. Co., having under his direction several physicians, and was a leader in the constructive work of the county, taking great interest in schools and roads. At the time of his death he was a member of the Marion Road Commission, and had made great improvement in roads in the Whitwell section.

Besides his wife, who is a daughter of Chas. Ashburn, he leaves three children.

His death is greatly regretted by many who have felt his kindness and generosity, and who feel that the county has suffered a great loss, outside of the great bereavement to his family.

MOVES TO WINCHESTER, FORMS LAW PARTNERSHIP

A. T. Stewart and family are preparing to move to Winchester, Tenn., where they will make their future home. Mr. Stewart has formed a law partnership with Geo. E. Banks, of that city. He has been an active citizen of this county for a number of years, his father, T. L. Stewart, now chancellor, formerly being a prominent citizen of Jasper. He has also been very active in politics in the county, having been honored with the position of chairman of the democratic executive committee for two terms. The family will be greatly missed from the county but are to be congratulated on securing such a pleasant location as Winchester.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the good people of Sequatchie for their kindness to us during the sick and death of our dear mother, wife and baby. May God's richest blessings abide with all.

Geo. Robbins and Children,
Sequatchie, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1918.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Father of Mrs. G. Sherman
Passes Away in Chattanooga Last Week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Sherman were called to Chattanooga last week by the serious illness of Mrs. Sherman's father, the following account of whose demise is taken from the Chattanooga Times of Saturday:

Herbert B. Tower, 72 years, who died of paralysis at his home at 600 Vance avenue, Thursday, 15, 1846, removed to Chattanooga with his family in 1889, and has been a highly respected resident of this city since that time.

At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the federal army, and was a member of the 105th regiment, Ohio volunteer infantry, and served until the war closed.

He is survived by his widow and three sons, T. B. Tower, of this city; A. B. Tower, of Apopka, Fla.; George E. Tower, of Cleveland, O.; and one daughter, Mrs. G. Sherman, of Sequatchie, Tenn., and one sister, Mrs. Sarah E. Allcock, of Ashtabula, Fla.

Funeral services will be held this morning at Wann's funeral chapel at 11. Interment will be in the National cemetery.

The following friends of the family will act as pall bearers: J. O. Floyd, D. C. Allender, W. R. Weeks, C. A. Shaw, S. T. Rowley and W. D. Sparks.

Strayed.

One white spotted heifer yearling, marked swallow fork in right ear and smooth crop and overbit in left ear.

One red steer yearling marked same as above.

Were taken to Walden's Ridge in summer. Reward for their recovery.

A. L. ELLIS,
Sequatchie, Tenn.

STRAYED.

1 white-face steer, three-year-old, brand T. on left jaw, and N. F. Thomas tag on right ear.

1 dark red heifer, three years old, dark legs and face. Same marks as above.

Both cattle were on mountain when last seen. Any person notifying me by phone or card will be amply rewarded.

N. F. THOMAS,
Jasper, Tenn.

S. H. ALEXANDER, Pres.

OFFICERS:

T. G. GARRETT, Vice-Pres.

F. A. KELLY, Cashier

MARION TRUST & BANKING CO.

JASPER, TENN.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$ 25,000.00
Deposits, 123,000.00

We pay interest on time deposits.
Combine absolute safety with satisfactory service.
Give particular attention to business of farmers.
Invite new accounts upon our merits for strength and superior facilities.

A strong bank can accord liberal treatment to its patrons. Our past policy and ample resources are our guarantee for the future.

We Want Your Business

Live Farm Facts For Tennesseans

Merchants in many places are using their show windows in which to illustrate how vegetables can be grown. This, they find, attracts city people to their stores.

The work that Tennessee mountain farmers are doing is being brought to the attention of the country thru the press.

Kentucky is aiming, thru its poultry extension workers, to popularize in each county the type and breed of poultry best fitted to that county.

It is noticeable now that when a visitor comes into a Tennessee county, one of the first questions he asks is, "How much livestock does the county produce?"

Sweet potato storage is meaning more this year because of the increased number of better storage houses.

That story of the man in Obion county, who received a check for \$73,000 for one shipment of hogs is still going to rounds. It happens to be a true story.

How many farm families in your county have availed themselves this year of production opportunities?

County agents are getting together the facts they are asked to secure in order to make their annual reports.

Country newspapers generally have taken advantage of the opportunity to boost their counties by calling the attention of their readers to the work done in food production.

As a business enterprise, the farm is now standing out as do other commercial enterprises. But the farm is more than that, it is a home.

A North Carolina county agent thought enough of some Blount county hogs to come over and take a car load back for the farmers of his county.

Figures recently compiled show that in cotton counties, even with the high price of cotton as a temptation to increased effort on cotton, food crops were produced in greater amounts than ever before.

Tennessee farmers are active now in making definite plans for their farming operations next year.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. F. L. Matthews, of Dunlap, departed this life Oct. 28, at Erlanger Hospital in Chattanooga. Mrs. Matthews was born in Bledsoe County in the year 1863, and was at the time of her death 55 years, 4 months and 27 days old. In 1890 she was married to F. L. Matthews and to this union were born six children, two having gone before some years ago.

She was converted at an early age and has lived a true Christian to the time of her death. She was a member of the M. E. Church, south. She was a regular attendant at each service when her health would permit her to go out. She was a true wife and mother and greatly devoted to her home. Her friends were numbered by her acquaintances. She is sorely missed by all who knew her, but our loss is heaven's gain.

She leaves to mourn her loss two sisters, a husband and four children. The sisters are Mrs. E. B. Smallwood, of Decatur, Ala., and Mrs. A. J. McClary, of Crossville, Tenn. The children are J. W. Matthews, J. C. Matthews and Elizabeth Matthews, of Dunlap, and Mrs. D. R. Thomas, of Jasper, and Mrs. D. R. friends and other relatives. To the bereaved family we would say to look above for the treasure just taken away, and live such lives as to be ready to meet her when the summons come to you.

A loved one from us is gone,
A voice we loved is still,
A place is vacant in the home
Which never can be filled;
Heaven now retains our treasure,
While earth the lonely casket keeps.
A Friend.

Jasper, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1918.

Services Held Sunday Night

Services were conducted at Owen Church Sunday night by Rev. E. R. Lewis, for the first time in about two months, the restrictions against public gatherings on account of the influenza epidemic by the county board of health having been removed. Sunday school will be resumed next Sunday morning.

Kelly Quarles.

Kelly Quarles died at Jasper Friday of influenza, at the home of his brother, C. A. Quarles. He leaves two orphan children, who are at the home of C. A. Quarles, his wife having died about three years ago. Interment was made at New Hope near Shellmound Saturday. He was about 37 years old.

ATTENTION!

don't forget to ship your
HIDES, SKINS AND TALLOW
direct to the Tannery
ROBERT SCHOLZ TANNERY
Established 1873
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
Highest Prices, Correct Weights and
Prompt Returns Always Guaranteed.